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THE TAX ON BACHELORS

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

During the days which followed, Tom grew thin. His appetite fled, and lines of worry were deeply drawn in his face. His lawyer assured him that he was a fool for showing his annoyance so plainly and by that means giving his friends so good an opportunity to discuss his affairs.

"They will mistrust that you are hard up," he said, "and then you will lose prestige. I am ashamed of you, Tom. Why don't you brace up and be a man about it?"

"I wish you were in my boots, Parkhurst"— began Tom.

"I should like it of all things, my boy! Handsome, refined, popular, wealthy—what more can a man ask? As for Miss Daisy, you are blinder than you need to be about her. She has a certain power of attraction that more than one of your acquaintances seems to appreciate. I saw her out riding yesterday with young De Quincey and today with Walton Humphrey."

"You didn't!" exclaimed Tom in amazement.

"I certainly did. You might have seen her also had you not been moping here in your room. There have not been so many callers at the Ridgways in years as there have been since Miss Daisy came to the city."

Tom brightened up under the influence of the lawyer's information. It is wonderful how much easier it is to endure a person when one discovers that he is sought for among the idlers of society. Tom began to think that he might at least endure what De Quincey and Humphrey deliberately sought. He began at once to make preparations to attend the reception at the De Quinceys. Half an hour ago he had decided to send word that he was too ill to go, trusting that she might accept the excuse. He decided to dress himself with even more than his usual care and to appear so brilliant that his unhappy manner during that last evening at the Ridgways would be credited to the premonitory symptoms of the indisposition which had followed. He was grateful now to Parkhurst for having spread the report that he was not feeling well, although he had been annoyed when his friends first began dropping in to make inquiries concerning his health.

Tom never looked better than he did when standing before the grate in Mrs. Ridgway's sitting room, waiting for the appearance of Daisy. He heard her voice in the hall, and, summoning a polite smile to his face, turned to greet her. The heavy draperies before the door were pushed aside. Tom advanced a step or two and stood face to face with a vision of loveliness which fairly took his breath away. The smile became more genial as he softly explained that he was expecting to see Miss Blake.

"I am Miss Blake," replied the girl quietly.

It was Daisy's voice surely, but what had become of the gray hair and the smoked glasses? Where were the heavy eyebrows which had met so sternly over the glasses? Where was the unsightly black patch which had adorned one cheek? Where was the ugly wart which he had seen on the side of her nose?

"You are disappointed once more, I perceive," said Daisy, breaking the uncomfortable silence which had fallen between them.

"I presume I might as well explain, Mr. Wainwright, that I have been acting a part. I wished to convince myself that you were as perfect as my cousin Sander represented you to be. Shall we go now? It is growing late."

"You were fortunate in having such able assistants to make your little comedy so enjoyable," said Tom coldly.

"Oh, you need not blame your friends! No one wanted to do it at first, but I persuaded them to change their minds. Sander may not have told you that I usually have my own way."

Once more Tom was speechless. It was not difficult for him to believe that so charming a girl always had her own way. He would have turned against any friend he had for the sake of pleasing her, but to have his friends turn against him was different.

"I suppose Parkhurst knew," he said after he had helped Daisy into the carriage and taken a seat beside her.

"Oh, yes," replied Daisy, changing to the seat opposite, "Mr. Parkhurst knew. He was difficult to persuade, however!"

Tom thought how Parkhurst had tried to persuade him to appear perfectly satisfied with his engagement to Miss

"You are disappointed once more, I perceive."

Daisy, and he could see that if he had followed his lawyer's advice he would now be in a position to laugh at his tormentors. Tom realized that he had blundered, and he did not know how to retrieve himself. He cursed himself and all his friends, but that did not help matters in the least. In a few moments the carriage would stop before the door of the De Quinceys, and the silence between himself and that vision of loveliness opposite was rapidly becoming more uncomfortable. Tom would have liked to establish a friendly relation before he met his friends, thinking that by so doing he could make his own position less difficult.

"I presume," he began, "that there is no explanation"—

"I think I shall find it easier to forget if you say nothing," interrupted Daisy coldly.

Tom ventured no further remark, and the two entered the house in silence.

"Why did you do it?" asked Tom of Parkhurst, when a little later he had the pleasure of seeing Daisy surrounded by the most eligible young men in the room and making herself delightfully agreeable to every one but himself.

"Because, Tom," replied the old lawyer gravely, "I thought it would do you good. So did Mrs. Ridgway, who, as you know, has always taken a motherly interest in you. You will pardon me for saying that you were becoming too firmly impressed with the belief that the best of everything belonged by right to yourself. Do not get angry with me for saying so. Remember that I was an old friend of your father."

Tom was angry. He was angry, and the more he thought of it the angrier he became. It was quite natural that he should be, and his friends appreciated that fact, and bore with him as patiently as possible, believing that before many days he would be himself again.

"Tom," said Parkhurst, "take my advice and appear to enjoy yourself. You look like a thundercloud. Keep your eyes away from Miss Daisy. Leave her as severely alone as she could possibly desire and give your attention to the other young ladies, as you used to do."

This time Tom saw that the lawyer's advice was good, and he tried to act upon it from that moment. He never spoke to Daisy unless it was absolutely necessary, and no one guessed how much of self denial he practiced in consequence. He was soon on as good terms as ever with his friends and was the idol of society, as he had always been. The young ladies raved over him, but he could not win one smile from Daisy, except when she thought it was demanded by the rules of politeness. She was the personification of iciness whenever they happened to be alone together.

At first Tom had laughed lightly when his friends mentioned her evident avoidance of him, but there came a time when he could not bear it and when his flashing eyes warned them that it was a subject which he would not hear discussed. There came a time when Tom realized that Daisy held his happiness in her keeping, and that it was a matter of indifference to her. There were days when he was filled with a fierce exultation at the thought that she was bound to him for a period of more than two years yet, and that no one could claim superior rights. There were other times when he felt that to see her and to wait upon her and know that he had no part in her life was a torture which was fast becoming greater than he could bear. There were bright mornings when he resolved to win her love or die in the attempt. There were dark nights when he thought of the easiest and surest means of committing suicide. He had played at love a great many times and enjoyed it. He was deeply in love now and was miserable.

How was it with Daisy? It is a question which that young lady would have found difficult had she tried to answer it, but she did not try. She had come to the city fully determined to give the best of herself to her music. She had resolved never to marry, at least not until she had won fame in the musical world. She had entered into the engagement with Tom principally because she believed that by so doing she would be free from importunities of other men which she might otherwise have found distracting. She was a very earnest young lady, who had brought the whole force of her strong nature to bow before the altar of her ambition. Even her pleasures were enjoyed with the thought that such recreation, if not too often indulged in, would enable her to work more profitably. It had amused her for two reasons to play a part to deceive Tom—she wished to know if she possessed the qualities necessary to a successful actor, and she fancied that it would be more enjoyable than it had proved to be to try the man whom her cousin praised so extravagantly. Daisy was inclined to be cynical in her opinions of men. When she had first seen Tom's face, she had liked it. She told herself afterward that she might have liked its owner better than she should, considering her ambition, had he not proved himself so little of a gentleman. Therefore she was glad that he had behaved just as he did. She believed she had forever dismissed that subject with her disapproval of his conduct, and that now her heart was impregnable so far as he was concerned.

At first Tom's opinions and preferences were really a matter of indifference to Daisy, but no young lady likes to have the most attractive gentleman of her acquaintance attentive to every one but herself. Daisy was not pleased with Tom's behavior. Had she shown her displeasure in the ordinary way she might soon have been the recipient of more attention from him than she would have liked at that time, but she did nothing in the ordinary way, and she deceived even herself as to her opinion of Tom.

She realized that he made her uncomfortable, but she said it was because he was so very ungentlemanly. She was sure that she should always despise a man who judged people entirely by their personal appearance. There was no dependence to be placed in one whose regard for another was regulated by that other's wealth of natural attractions. She never listened when her friends spoke of the great improvement noticeable in Tom Wainwright during the past year. She preferred to believe that it was impossible for him to overcome the only fault which she had been able to find in him. She assured herself and others that a man with such a fault could pretend anything, but that he was false at heart, and the heart did not change.

CHAPTER V.

Tom and Daisy had been betrothed more than a year when the hop at Calhoun's was proposed, and the proposal heartily indorsed by the young people of their acquaintance. Silas Calhoun was the proprietor of a large hotel built on the shores of a little lake miles away from nowhere—at least that is the way it was described by the enthusiastic guests who congregated there every summer for rest. It was so secluded that society, with its unceasing demands, never found it, and the favored few who kept its location a secret enjoyed themselves as unconventionally as possible. The nearest railway station was five miles distant. The young people, however, did not propose to go to Calhoun's by rail. The roads were in prime condition, and a sleigh ride of 50 miles, divided in the middle by a hot supper and two or three hours spent in dancing while the horses rested, was a prospect much too delightful to be resisted by any young person with a spark of enthusiasm and vivacity about him. The best horses to be had were engaged for the ride. Tom had no desire to make the trip alone with the coldly silent Daisy and had persuaded a friend to go with him in a double sleigh and take Daisy's cousin Stella.

Sleigh rides like this have been described so much better than I can do it that I shall pass over this part of the story, as well as over the delights which followed when the merry party arrived at Calhoun's.

It was after supper, while they were dancing in the long dining room, that the storm came up. No one noticed it until it was nearly time for the gay party to start on the homeward trip and the jolly host had gone to the barn himself to make sure that the horses had been well cared for. When he came back to the house he told his guests that he believed there would be a blizzard before morning and that it would be safer for them to remain at his place overnight. Then the dancing ceased and eager young people crowded around the door and peered out into the darkness.

"If there should be a blizzard," said Stella, "we might be detained here for several days."

Daisy looked at her quickly, but said nothing. She was thinking of her appointment for the next day with a noted manager who had condescended to try her voice. If he pronounced it good there was hope that a desirable position might be offered her. Daisy was deciding that she should not remain overnight at Calhoun's.

"Do you think the storm is close upon us?" asked Sander, who, for reasons which will be easily understood by those who have been in love, did not like to miss the long ride home, under the stars, in the comfortable little sled which was just large enough for Alice and himself.

"I can't tell," replied Mr. Calhoun, stepping farther away from the house that he might get a better look at the heavy bank of clouds in the northwest. "Storms are dreadfully deceptive in this part of the world," he added. "Now, when I was back in York state I could reckon on a storm almost to a minute, but here I've sometimes missed it by an hour or two. However, I think we shall hear from those clouds before long."

"Are you sure there is to be a blizzard?" asked Daisy, who put little faith in the ordinary weather prophet, unless he happened to make a prediction which suited her desires.

"One is never sure of anything in this world," replied the old man. "One thing is certain, and that is there is a great deal of snow in the air already, considering the clouds, which means that a blizzardy wind is blowing. If those clouds contain both wind and snow"—

"Do you think it probable, Mr. Calhoun," interrupted Daisy, "that those clouds will break over us in less than an hour?"

"They may not; they look a long way off."

"An hour would give us time to reach the station," said Daisy, "and we could go into the city on the cars."

"But our rigs," interposed Sander.

"Leave them here, and send some one after them," suggested Daisy.

"I am afraid to start when the sky looks like that," said Stella.

"You might stay here, then," replied Daisy. "For my part I prefer to go."

An excited discussion ensued, when it was discovered that Daisy was the only young lady who preferred to risk the dangers of the storm in order to reach the city. She remarked, most politely, but decidedly, in response to Tom's expostulations, that she meant to make the attempt, but that she did not ask him to risk his life by accompanying her.

"I am determined," she said, "to meet Mr. Gilmore tomorrow, and I have no doubt that I can hire Mr. Calhoun's stable boy to drive me to the station."

"You will not be left to the care of Mr. Calhoun's stable boy," replied Tom coldly. In another moment he was inside his overcoat.

No further opposition was offered to Daisy's plan. Mr. Calhoun insisted on loaning Tom a fresh horse—one that knew the road—and told him he might leave it with the hotel keeper at the railway station, to be cared for until the owner came to claim him. The horse was hitched to Mr. Calhoun's cutter, which had been made expressly for travel over country roads, and plenty of fur robes were wrapped around the occupants.

The air had seemed almost spring-like when the young people left the city, but a biting wind had arisen which blew directly in their faces as Tom turned the horse's head toward the railway station. They drove for some time in silence, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the frozen snow and the dismal creaking of the sled runners which is always to be heard in very cold weather. The air was rapidly becoming more dense with the frozen sleet, which struck their faces like fierce little darts. The wind was steadily rising, and it seemed to Tom as if it came from every direction at once. In many places the road was made almost impassable by heavy drifts. Not a star was to be seen in the sky, not a ray of light anywhere which could have been used as a guide. The horse patiently fought his way along and Tom finally reached the conclusion that the faithful creature knew more about the road than he did himself. He certainly could not have known less, for Tom had been

Tom turned the horse's head toward the railway station.

guiding him in a circle for the last half hour. Left to himself, he promptly turned his face homeward, but Tom did not know that.

Notwithstanding the intense darkness Daisy knew that Tom had loosened his hold on the reins.

"Are your hands cold?" she asked quickly. It was the first time she had spoken since she bade her friends good-by at Mr. Calhoun's door.

"I am very comfortable, thank you," replied Tom ironically.

"Why did you drop the reins?"

"Because I can no longer see the road."

"Mr. Wainwright, are we lost?"

"I do not know."

The words could not have been spoken with greater indifference. Tom was not in the happiest mood when he left the Calhoun House. It had seemed to him a reckless proceeding to start out in the face of such a storm, for no better reason than that a girl wished to try her voice before a theatrical manager, but there was not money enough in the world to have tempted him to allow Daisy to go without him. When he found himself alone with her, all his anger was forgotten in his love and in his despair because of its utter hopelessness. Then came the thought that there might be a worse fate than to die with Daisy before they reached the station. He had been excessively morbid for days, and this new fancy was a not unnatural climax to such a state of mind.

Daisy was irritated over his silence. She felt that she had been foolish in insisting on coming out in such a storm, and she wanted to say so, but it is never easy to introduce such an acknowledgment. She felt that it would be less hard if Tom could be beguiled into conversation.

"I should have thought," she said, with a feeble attempt at playfulness, "that you might have allowed the stable boy to accompany me when you knew I preferred it."

But in a howling wind playful tones are not always apparent. Tom believed that Daisy's remark was intended as a reproach because he had shown himself unable to guide the horse. It angered him so that he could with difficulty control himself.

"Believe me," he said curtly, "had I known that you preferred the company of the stable boy I should not have forced mine upon you."

At this moment there was a sudden jerk of the cutter that nearly unseated them. The horse had plunged into a deep snowdrift and was floundering in an attempt to regain his footing. He recovered himself, gave one leap, which freed him from the cutter, and with a snort disappeared into the darkness.

"Oh," gasped Daisy, "he has left us!"

Tom was himself in a moment. All his petty grievances were forgotten in his desire to make Daisy as comfortable as possible. The true manliness which had won him so many friends in spite of his egotism now asserted itself. Springing from the cutter, he spread one of the robes upon the snow, then held out his hand to Daisy.

"Let me help you out," he said cheerfully. "I am going to tip the cutter over to make a partial shelter against the storm."

"Must we stay here?" faltered Daisy. She was recalling stories she had read of people who had perished in blizzards, and was a little fearful of the consequences of her persistence.

"I can see no better way," replied Tom. "Even if we could walk in such a storm we should not know which way to turn. The horse will doubtless find his way home, and when the stable boy knows you are in danger"—

"Mr. Wainwright, can I help you turn the cutter over?" interrupted Daisy, who did not care to hear more about the stable boy.

"Thanks, no. I think I can manage it."

The sled was soon turned bottom upward against the drift where it had stuck. Tom scooped snow from beneath it until he had succeeded in making a room large enough for two. The robes were spread down, and when he and Daisy had succeeded in crawling under the sled and had placed one of the robes against the opening to their den they were really quite comfortable. The wind piled the snow against them, making them still warmer, and they congratulated themselves on the coziness of their retreat. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of their position they were far from being unhappy. Indeed Tom was more wildly happy than he had ever been in all his life.

* * * * * *

When the first faint blush of crimson appeared in the eastern sky, Calhoun and his guests started on an exploring expedition and had no sooner left the house than they caught sight of the overturned cutter.

Don't ask me for a detailed account of what followed; neither my pen nor my patience is equal to it. It began with tears and exclamations of joy and ended with happy laughter and merry jests. It is not unlikely that as long as they live Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wainwright will be teased about their experience in Mr. Calhoun's barnyard and their preference for a circular track when driving to a point five miles distant.

When Tom hears a bachelor friend wondering how he can manage to evade the matrimonial tax, he invariably says: "By getting married, my boy. A man is a fool to remain single when it will cost him no more to have a home of his own."

"And if it did cost more?" asks Daisy.

"He would still be a fool," replies Tom.

THE END.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Cigars were not known until about 1815. Previous to that time pipes were used exclusively. Chewing had been in vogue to a limited extent for some time, while snuffing dates back almost as far as smoking.

The first package sent to Catherine de Medici was in fine powder. She found that smelling it in the box affected her similarly to smoking, which led her to fill one of her smelling bottles with the dust. Her courtiers adopted the habit of snuffing small portions of it up the nostrils, and as the precious snuff became more general, until at last a man or woman was not considered as in proper form unless they snuffed.

The custom became so common in England that a snuffbox was no longer a sign of rank. Then it was the law prohibiting the culture of the plant, except for medicine, was passed. About the same time a heavy tariff was placed on the imported article, thereby practically placing it beyond the reach of the common herd and giving royalty a complete monopoly.

Since it first began to be used as a luxury there have been conflicting opinions in regard to its effects. The Romish church once forbade its use, and the Church of England declaimed against it. The Wesleys opposed it hotly, and at one time it was considered so unclean as to unfit men for membership in the Methodist church.

Baptist and Presbyterian ministers preached against it and societies were organized to oppose the spread of the habit, but all to no purpose. Parents disowned and disinherited their children because they used it, and husbands divorced their wives on account of their having contracted the habit of smoking.

It is singular that when women get into the habit of smoking a pipe they prefer a strong one. There are few men who have nerve to smoke a pipe such as a woman likes when she has become a confirmed smoker. When they first begin puffing cigars they prefer them very mild, but it is not long until they want them black and strong and lots of them.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SAGACITY OF A SCOUT.—Every one who has spent much time upon the frontier has heard of the remarkable faculty of Dolores Sanchez, the famous trailer, of New Mexico and Southern Arizona. So eminent authority as General Nelson A. Miles, who has had unusual personal knowledge of the work of trailers and scouts, is quoted as saying that some of Sanchez's accomplishments are more than extraordinary and that his powers border on the mythical.

General Ruger tells the following story of an experience with this remarkable man to show the skill of an expert scout: "I was once in pursuit of a lot of Comanches, who had been followed, scattered, and the trail abandoned by a company of so-called Texas rangers. On the eighth day after the scattering Sanchez found the trail from a single shod horse. When we were fairly into the rough, rocky Guadaloupe mountains, he stopped, dismounted, and picked up from the foot of a tree the four shoes of the horse ridden by the Indian. With a grim smile he handed the shoes to me and said that the Indian had tried to hide his trail.

"For six days we journeyed over the roughest mountains, turning and twisting in apparently the most objectless way, not a man in the whole command being able to discover, some times for hours, a single mark by which Sanchez might direct himself. Sometimes I lost patience and demanded that he show me what he was following 'Poco tiempo' (pretty soon,) he would abstractedly answered, and, in a longer or shorter time, show me the clearcut footprints of the horse in the soft bank of a mountain stream or point with his long whipping stick to some other most unmistakable signs. Sanchez led us, following the devious windings of this trail for over 150 miles, and only three or four times dismounting so as to more closely examine the ground, finally brought me to where the Indians had reunited."—Denver Field and Farm.

READING EVERYTHING.—"He has read everything," is a remark frequently made when a scholary man is under discussion. How absurd such a statement is will appear when the fact is mentioned that in the Congressional library at Washington there are over 600,000 volumes. If they were placed side by side they would fill a shelf fifty miles long. If a man started to read this collection at the rate of one volume a day, it would take him 1,650 years to get through. And while the man would be at work on this vast library the printers would be turning out more than 15,000 new books a year. From these figures it will be seen that it is idle to think of reading everything, or even to read all the best books. The greatest readers among our distinguished men have had their favorite books which they read and reread. Certain books in our language are called classics. They are models of style and full of ideas and illustrations. Modern writers go to these old authors and get lumps of solid gold which they proceed to beat out very thin. Why should we take the gold leaf article when we can go to the original mines and get solid nuggets? The old novels are the best. The old poets have not been equalled. Too many of our new books are written hastily to sell. They are of an inferior quality and cannot profit us in any way. A man, therefore, need not be ashamed to say that he has not read the last new book. When 40 new books appear every day it is impossible to read them all."

HOW HE WAS HENPECKED.

She Didn't Swear or Cut Up; Simply Did It by Weeping.

"If there is a man in this world that excites my sympathy it is a henpecked husband," said Colonel Rimple. "Some time ago my friend Amelton invited me to go home with him. I promised, providing he would wait until I transacted a certain piece of business. He agreed reluctantly, saying that he promised his wife that he would be home at a certain hour. After I finished my business I accompanied him. As we proceeded, he remarked:

"Rimple, I am the worst henpecked man in town. That's why I am in such a hurry.

"I was very much disappointed when we reached the house. I expected to see a masculine looking woman, with a savage face and harsh voice; but I was introduced to a little, meek looking woman, with a delicate face and plaintive tone of voice. After supper, when Amelton and I were sitting in the library smoking, I remarked:

"'Say, didn't you mislead me about the henpecked business? I don't know that I ever saw a gentler woman than your wife.

"'No, sir, I have not misled you. Gentleness is her strongest hold. It is her gentleness that knocks me. Don't think that the scold is the worst type of henpecking women, for she isn't. Why, sir, if my wife were a scold, I would get mad and leave the house, but as it is I am disarmed. When I leave home my wife always insists upon my appointing the exact time when I will return. If I am late, no matter what business has detained me, she cries and takes on and declares that I don't love her. When I vow by all things sacred that I do love her, and that I was detained by business that could not be postponed, she wrings her hands and weeps so violently that I am sometimes afraid people think I am abusing her. She has a way of sighing and turning over in bed with a kind of despairing flounce, and instead of asking me, as is her custom, if I have locked all the doors, she slides out of bed with a suppressed "Oh, me!" and goes on a tour of inspection. Every time she quiets down, I try to convince her that she is wrong and that I do love her, but just as soon as I say a word, she breaks out afresh, and turns over with another despairing flounce. Next morning she gets up before I awake. When I get up I find her at the breakfast table, with swollen eyes and an expression of such unutterable sadness that I feel like kicking myself. This is what I call the worst kind of henpecking, and don't misunderstand me when I say a man doesn't want more than two such sieges a month.'"

"WORTH WHILE."

Prince Albert Victor, the prospective heir to the throne of England, made his maiden speech to an assembly of lads of his own age. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing accurately," he said; "whether you sharpen your pencil or black your boots, do it thoroughly and well."

A young lad who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teachers remonstrated, he replied, "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do. It is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean war. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men.

A few years ago the keeper of a life-saving station on the Atlantic coast found that his supply of powder had given out. The nearest village was two or three miles distant, and the weather was inclement. He concluded that as "it was not worth while to go so far expressly for such a trifle," he would wait for a few days before sending for a supply. That night the vessel was wrecked within sight of the station. A line could have been given to the crew if he had been able to use the motar, but he had no powder. He saw the drowning men perish one by one in his sight knowing that he alone was to blame. A few days afterward he was dismissed from the service.

The experience of every man will suggest similar instances that confirm the truth of the young prince's advice to the lads of his own age. Whatever is right to do should be done with our best care, strength and faithfulness of purpose. We have no scales by which we can weigh or determine their relative importance in God's eyes. That which seems a trifle to us may be the secret spring which shall move the issues of life and death.—Youth's Companion.

☞ "Excuse me for half an hour or so," said a prominent Washington official, a few days ago, "while I have a talk with my doctor." "I thought your doctor was in New York," was the reply. "Oh, yes," the official answered, "he is in New York, but at two o'clock every afternoon he comes to the telephone—the long distance telephone—and we have a talk. It is not convenient for me to run up to New York often, so I report my condition to him every afternoon, the changes, etc., and he in return gives me his advice and prescribes for me through the telephone. When the time comes for him to send the prescription, I simply connect him with my druggist, and my doctor tells him what to mix for me as easily as if he had to write it. This long distance telephone surpasses even the wildest dreams of its inventors."

A BRAVE POOR BOY.

Mr. Edison, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story relating to an event in his boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy:

One summer forenoon while the train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmy on the main track throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the platform, seized the child in his arms and threw himself off the track face downward in a sharp, fresh gravel ballast without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," said the child's father, "and hearing a shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bring in the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his gratitude, the agent said:

"Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week and keep Jamie out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" said Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said, "It's a bargain." And so Edison became a telegrapher.—Lutheran Standard.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE DAYS. In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have the representations from the idols from which the names of the days in our week are derived.

From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world.

The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands.

Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garment of skins, according to their peculiar manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship.

Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory.

Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a sceptre in his hand.

Friya, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left.

Sæter, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness; he is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a water-pail in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

HOW HE GOT EVEN WITH THE TOWN.—Edmund Dorr was an oddity who lived in the suburbs of Hallowell, Me., half a century ago. On the 14th day of February he jogged into town on his horse sled and was arrested for violating a city ordinance requiring all sleighs to have bells attached. Dorr was arraigned before a justice of the peace and fined. He paid his fine; but swore he would have revenge. And on every 14th day of February for 12 years, says a writer in the Hallowell Register, Dorr made an annual visit to Hallowell, seated in an ancient cutter and driving a ringboned mare, to whose harness nearly 200 jangling bells of all sizes and shapes and degrees of discord were fastened. There were sleigh bells and cow bells and dinner bells and all sorts of bells on the rigging and the old man made as much commotion as if he had been a full brass band. He repeated this performance annually till he died, and took a grim satisfaction in thus squaring his account with the city that had fined him.

A MEAN INSINUATION.—He called for gin, and in a calm, unembarrassed sort of way filled his glass to the brim.

"See here my friend," expostulated the bartender," that is gin you are pouring out, not water."

The customer eyed him rebukingly over the top of his glass, as he slowly drained its contents.

"Mister," he said in a hurt tone of voice, "do I look like a man who would drink that much water?"

☞ Charles A. Dana; editor of the New York Sun, advises every person of American origin to read the following books: The Bible, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Bancroft's history of the United States, McClure's Life of Lincoln, Irving's Life of Washington, Franklin's Autobiography, Channing's Essays on Napoleon Bonaparte, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and Shakspeare.

☞ The grape fruit is said to be excellent for the relief of dyspepsia and bilious disorders.

☞ The first nautical person alluded to in the Scriptures is said to be Eve, because she was the first mate.